

This is a Drista moment, let's just accept it

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This is a Drista moment, let's just accept it

by [Qekyo](#)

Summary

"so," Drista starts, flicking past the posts on her phone with feigned interest, a small smile tugging on her lips. "Who's the British guy?"

Clay scoffs lightly, configuring the wires of his setup. "Which one? I have quite a handful of British friends."

Drista groans, dangling her legs from the kitchen counter, "the cute one."

Clay glances at her, a quizzical look on his face. "You mean George?"

The smile on the younger girl's face turns into a sinister, coy grin, as she says with a teasing lilt. "Oh, so you think he's cute?"

(or, some moments of Drista and Dream, and how they both view love.)

Notes

for meri,

PLEASE READ:

I know making a fic about Drista is risky by itself but please bear with;

1. I will not hesitate to take this down the moment Drista or Dream ever mention her being included in any sort of work or media (though this has no romance other than dnf, please do not ship people who haven't given their opinion on ships.)

2. all of the moments are taken from real life experiences with my own brother. Drista as a child is based off me, and me alone. I'm not assuming any living situation nor family situation. This is all fiction.

3. As mentioned, this is all fiction. I AM VERY AWARE OF THE FACT THAT DRISTA IS NOT HIS ONLY SIBLING. ive been told, and informed. this is an au of sorts, where Drista and Dream are the only children of their family.

4. i will be using Drista as her real name, since that's really all I can work with . i didnt want to give her any place holder name either so, drista is what were rolling with anyways, yea the quality rlly decreases at the end so beware, i half assed.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Drista is only around four years old when she meets her brother.

Well, she thinks she's four? And technically, it's the first memory she has in general.

She remembers soft sand beneath her feet, how the sun felt icky and hot against her skin. Her parents were somewhere amongst the sea of others who were lounging around on the ground, basking in the warm, radiant rays above.

Drista muddled with the area around her, picking up things and slamming them down just like the average toddler. She looked out to the sparkling cerulean sea that stretched miles outwards. Sparkling with thousands of stars, Drista felt mesmerized by its beauty. The waves lapping gently on the shore, spreading out back into the sea. She was simply fascinated by it.

And like the stupid, unaware toddler she was, decided to go closer.

She reached her hands into the cold blue, splashing the water around with her hand. It felt nice on her hand, and with a sudden surge of interest- she ventured deeper.

The water already reached her waist by the time her parents noticed the absence of their daughter. By the time they were rushing towards her, Drista was already neck-deep into the deep blue.

“*Drista!*” Her parents cried, running towards the water. The small girl made the bad choice of looking around to face them-- right as a wave plummeted into her.

She gasped for air instinctively, bobbing her small head up above. She inhaled sharply, causing the salty water around her to enter into her lungs.

She searched for the ground, but she was already pushed too far to even consider swimming back to the shore. She flailed around helplessly-- thrashing for help, once another wave came over and swallowed her whole. Drista’s family hoped that this wasn’t the way her short-lived life was going to end. As the water slowly made its way into her lungs, clogging the entrance of her airways and rendering her motionless. She felt as the energy slowly drained out of her, all seems of hope, lost.

“*Drista!*”

She doesn’t remember it all that clearly- but she faintly recalls strong arms being wrapped around her. Holding her tight as they paddled their way back to the more shallow parts of the ocean. She remembers being carried, back onto the warm sand and blazing sun.

The memory afterward is choppy. All she can recall was the heavy pressure on her chest and blurry vision. Younger Drista didn’t understand the concept of neglect, how did her parents even let a small, dainty four-year-old venture off into the ocean unwatched anyways? Drista now scoffs, all the signs were there.

The only thing she can vividly remember is the person who dragged her out of the water.

It feels like just yesterday- wet, dirty blonde hair, emerald eyes filled with a mix of tears and concern. His face stretched into a frown as he held her tightly in his arms. He was warm, warmer than the sun that hit their bodies, or the sand beneath their feet. She felt warm, safe, and loved.

One day her mom will tell her that story again, she’ll have a small smile as she recounts the time that her older brother Clay saved her from drowning.

Clay, her older brother, self-made hero.

Drusta will scoff, looking at a photobook from when they went on vacation to the beach near the suburbs, how she technically almost died that day. She'll laugh when she remembers it, holding the photobook, close and smiling fondly at the memory.

Drusta is four years old when she meets her brother, Clay.

She's nine when their parents fight.

"It's not that bad," Clay chides to her, "They've been through worse fights."

It hurts to know that they have, though it doesn't happen very often now. Not after Clay told them off. They only fight about small things now, like socks not in the hamper, or leaving the toilet seat up. They were fine for a short amount of time.

"It's scary when they fight though." She whispers, the yelling and screaming downstairs almost fade out her voice. But her brother is close enough to hear her, they're huddled up in her bed, wrapped in the thick woven quilt. Her stuffed monkey pressed tight against her chest.

"It is," Clay responds solemnly, eyes crestfallen. "I'm sorry about it."

Drusta doesn't understand why he's apologizing. Mom always told her to apologize when you do something wrong or hurt a particular person. Clay didn't do anything wrong, Clay is a good brother.

"You--"

A particularly loud shout makes Drista jump in her seat. Clay holds her tightly, wrapping his arms around her as she snuggles closer into his chest. She covers her ears, pressing palms tightly against her skull to drown out the sounds of vases breaking below them.

They're really just kids, with Clay being barely a teenager and Drista, still a small child who has yet to learn of the world. With no one else other than each other to lean on. She couldn't imagine what it was like for Clay, having to manage this child as well as his own well being.

They were just kids.

She lets out a soft whimper, tears pricking her eyes.

"Why do they have to fight?" Drista mutters into her brother's chest, tears staining his shirt. Clay doesn't mind however, he just continues to draw slow, comforting circles on her back until she calms down.

"Sometimes it just happens, we can't really stop it."

Drista lifts her head up abruptly, angry tears streaming down her face as she says; "But don't they love each other? You don't hate the person you love!"

Clay flinches, lowering his hand. "They don't hate each other, Dris."

Drista sniffles, rubbing at her nose. She sits upright so she's directly facing Clay now. They both stand cross-legged on her quaint, twin-sized bed.

"Sometimes-- you don't mean the bad words you say to someone you love. Sometimes it's just easier to throw a tantrum even when it's over something small." Clay explains, crossing his arms. He eyes Drista, who just looks at him curiously, hands tightly clenching at her stuffed monkey in her arms.

"Just because you fight with someone doesn't mean you don't love them, ok? It's hard to love someone, especially when all you want for them is the best. Mom and dad love each other too, we just focus on the fighting more often than not"

The young girl pouts, “Then I don’t want to be in love.”

Clay’s eyes immediately widened. “No, you don’t.”

Drista shakes her head, “I don’t wanna! I don’t wanna end up like mommy and daddy.”

Her brother sits there, appalled at her sudden proclamation. A look of unease passes his face. “Dris, being in love is great. You’re going to want it someday y’know.”

The young girl huffs a sigh, turning her head away to face the ground below her bed. Dainty fingers playing with the plush material of her stuffed monkey. She wonders why her brother is so defensive about their parents’ relationship. How he still tries to coax her into believing that love is some sort of- magical problem fixer that’ll make their parents stop going at each other’s throats.

She doesn’t understand why her brother frowns so deeply. Sure he was older than her, but doesn’t he see? Love is *terrible*, it’s frivolous and such a hassle. She doesn’t want her brother to end up like their parents, sad and angry, she cares for him too much to let Clay end up like them. How can you have so much faith in something that barely even exists?

She shuffles closer to him. “Do you wanna be in love someday?”

Beside her, Clay chuckles softly. She can’t see the way his eyes sparkle with mirth.

“Yeah.”

Drista doesn’t turn to him. A simple; “Oh.” is all she says.

They sit there for a while, both listening to the sound of their parents’ shouting die down into soft murmurs. At some point, Drista gets too lonely and proceeds to hook one of her arms into Clay’s. Earning a quiet laugh from the other.

Soon, the night turns into a hazy morning. And the inky black sky fades away to reveal the sun. Bright and brilliant, painting the heavens with its lush purples and pinks, with splatters of orange and yellow littered in between.

“You know, I don’t mind if you fall in love with someone.” She says mid-yawn. “Just make sure you don’t fight-- or forget me.”

Clay nudges her gently, cradling the small of her back. He carefully prays her off him, then tucks her into bed. Stuffed monkey right beside so she doesn’t get nightmares.

“I won’t. I never planned too anyways.” He smiles at her. Drista yawns again, reaching out her hand to grasp onto her brother’s.

“Promise?” She asks, hooking onto his finger. “That I’ll always be your favorite?” she whispered.

Clay ruffles her hair playfully. Drista squeals, trying to get away from his hold.

“I promise.”

Drista would remember that night, she remembers it when her brother gets his first girlfriend. She remembers it when Clay introduces her. She remembers it when her brother ends up sobbing in his room with a bouquet of forgotten flowers. She remembers it in the sad smile on her brother’s face the next day when he tells her he’s ok.

Clay always believed in love, even if Drista didn’t.

-

There’s this routine they have by the time she’s 10.

Drista has gotten so incredibly used to it to the point where it’s just instinctual.

Here’s how it is,

It'll be late at night, preferably midnight or 2 am, Clay would be in the living room playing games with his friends again, and Drista would be at the counter in their kitchen, on her phone and chatting with her friends late in the day.

After a while, Drista will call Clay from the living room asking if he wants anything to eat. Clay would always say yes, and from that point on it's up to Drista's mood to decide. It ranges from a variety-- grilled cheese with fried eggs on top, to packet ramen from the cupboards. Either way, Clay will always eat it.

When they're eating, they'll have conversations. Sometimes their topics stretch into the deepest of philosophical thoughts, questioning the existence of men and their purpose on this godforsaken earth. Others, their neck to neck in a debate on whether water is wet or not. The duality is honestly jarring at times.

Though, there are some odd nights in between where they don't talk at all. Simply silence and the food. Those nights aren't all too bad either, their silence is peaceful and undisturbed, it gives time for Drista to sift through her thoughts. They've been messier after highschool just started, she's now officially a teenager.

There's been a lot of those nights more often now.

She looks up from her phone and into the living room, there she can see Clay staring intensely at the computer monitor. Keyboard clicking furiously as he bites his lip in concentration. Drista sighs, moving around the plates and pans to find the ingredients she needs for this night's late snack.

"Clay!" She calls out rather loudly, she huffs out a frustrated sound when Clay doesn't answer. She snaps her head back to him, eyebrows furrowed angrily now.

"*Clay!*" She makes sure her voice is extra whiny this time, but even that doesn't avert his gaze from the monitor.

Drista scoffs, looking around her surroundings. She lets out a feral grin when she spots a half empty box of cheerios sitting by the edge of the counter. With a swift hand, she takes the box in hand and promptly throws it at Clay without a second thought of repercussions.

It hits his head directly and knocks off his headset.

“Ouch!” He cries, reeling over in feigned pain.

“*Bullseye!*” She cheers victoriously, a sharp-toothed smile gracing her face.

Clay whips her head over to her, rubbing the spot the box hit dead-on, his glare sharp and deadly. Though Drista didn’t waver, she just kept her playful, impish grin while making pantomime gestures to come over.

“You weren’t looking, your fault.” She said in a sing-song tone, before turning behind to the kitchen stove.

“You didn’t have to throw the cereal!” He retorted, trotting over to the counter and grumpily dragging one of the tall stool chairs to sit on. Drista only hummed, continuing to sift through the cupboards for something to eat.

“Any preference tonight?”

Clay shrugged, “I don’t mind.”

Drista nodded, taking out a packet of instant noodles from the top shelf.

They sat in relative silence, with only the sounds of cutlery being used and water boiling filling their ears. Clay played with the edge of the fallen cereal box from earlier, molding its cardboard folds into intricate little designs. Drista glanced at him from time to time.

She supposed today was a quiet day.

She hastily turned off the heat, blowing away at the steam and inhaling the aroma of seafood and spice. Her mouth began to water as she carried the bubbling pot of noodles and soup to the counter, setting it down directly in front of Clay.

The man glanced quickly at the food in front of him, before returning his gaze back to the

cardboard folds.

Really? She thought crudely, rolling her eyes as she began to collect the plates and forks for them to use. *Not even a thank you .*

Drista set down one of their mother's expensive porcelain bowls in front of him, along with single set cutlery. She eyes him as he monotonously says his thanks, and begins to collect his portion from the pot.

The young woman sits down on the stool across the kitchen counter. Sighing as she begins to spiral out of thought at the mind-numbing silence between them.

What if he was angry at her from the cereal box? Did it really hurt that badly for him to act so distant? Was he just in a bad mood maybe? No, Clay hates playing video games when he's in a bad mood, always quoting that it'll affect his gameplay. Then what could it be?

The curiosity was killing her.

"Hey, Clay." She asked in between sips of her soup.

Her brother's gaze turned to meet hers, "Hm?"

She shuffled in her seat, suddenly overcome with anxiety. "I--uh, is there something wrong?"

She took notice in the way he flinched, how his hold on the spoon tightened, and how his knuckles turned alabaster. Her breath hitched.

Clay stared at her, eyes dead and blank as he said plainly. "No."

Even if his answer had all the conviction in the world-- Drista still wouldn't believe it. She's known this man all her life, and if one thing's for certain, it was that he definitely wasn't fine.

She knew she couldn't push on her intuition however, questioning him further would just make her brother even more irritable, he might even snap. And Drista does not like it when her big brother's

mad.

It's a scary, scary thing.

So she prompts to stay quiet, silently eating her lukewarm noodles with the raging storm of thoughts that is her head at the moment. She can't help the bubbling fear that arises within, all-consuming, plaguing her mind but nothing but farses and ideas.

So she waits,

A very painstakingly long time.

It's probably past 2 am when they finish. Clay offers to do the dishes since she cooked, and Drista happily lets him take over the sink.

She climbs on top of the kitchen counter, perching herself on the edge. Pulling out her phone, she begins to scroll through her socials absentmindedly. The sounds of running water and plates clicking together have simply become white noise by now, canceling out her rapid thinking- with another set of overly high standard Instagram bodies to scroll through.

She smiles to herself when watching a cute video of rescued dogs, softly cooing at how they nuzzle against their owners' chests. She sighs, maybe she should convince Clay to get her a dog. What breed would it be thought? And what would she even name it--

"Hey, Dris."

Drista glances back to the sink, where her brother's back stands facing her. His hands lay restlessly at the sides, fidgeting the strings of his sweatpants. Drista hums in response, still caught up in her daydream about adorable pups.

"Do--Do you have an opinion on LGBTQ?" He stammered. Drista could hear the faintest stutter in his voice, where it cracked vulnerability in fear. Suddenly, a surge of concern washed over her.

She thought about it for a second, her parents always told her she was too young to have an opinion

over such heavy topics such as liking towards other genders. Though Clay would always retort, saying that she had a mind of her own, and the choices she made were hers.

The community itself never really bothered her, and she was quite confident in her own person to rarely ever question herself. So in turn, she barely batted an eye to them, maybe that was the problem.

“I don’t mind them, I think some of them are cool.” She said casually, hoping to keep the slightly strained tranquility of the room.

Clay doesn’t respond, keeping his down and continues to wash the same plate again.

Drista’s more alert than ever now. Stealing quick glances to Clay ever so often. Her phone now lays dormant on her lock screen, a picture of her and Clay at Disney world when she was eight. She stares at the said picture in question, trying to see what her brother was like before.

The boy in the picture had a smile like a starlight. His eyes crinkled into semi-crescent moons, as he grinned so widely, it made the freckles on his cheeks more visible. He had an arm wrapped around Drista’s small figure, almost enveloping her whole in a tight bear hug. Clay had this air of confidence surrounding him, he walked with a skip in his step and waved to strangers on the street. One of the many things she loved about him.

She looks back to the hunched figure in front of her. Hair matted to his forehead, eyes worn and weary. His presence had severely diminished, but Drista could still see it. It was still there, the brother she knew from her childhood was there. Just buried underneath the secrets and hushed whispers.

It hurt to see him change.

“You don’t hate them?” Her brother asked again, this time his voice was barely even a whisper. Drista heard him though, she always did.

“No.” was all she replied.

Clay’s shoulders dropped, his posture becoming more languid and relaxed. He exhaled a small sigh before turning to her.

She could see the visible fear in his eyes. He gnawed on his bottom lip, causing it to peel an angry red color. His hands, something Drista associated with being strong, and calloused from hard work - were now fidgeting with the string of his pants. She saw how they shook and quivered. How he was scared.

“Dris,” he started, voice shaking. “I think I’m bisexual.”

Drista was quiet for a beat.

Clay’s head was downcasted, shadows covering his eyes, and the small tears that welled in them. His sister’s silence was probably the most painful thing he heard to date.

The younger sibling sighed, a gentle smile crossing her face.

“Cool.”

Clay’s head shot up, now Drista could see the clearly evident tears that rolled down his face.

“Y-You’re not bothered?” He asked, aghast. “You don’t hate me?”

Drista scoffed, crossing her nimble arms tightly against her chest. “Why would I? You’re still my brother.”

“T-Thanks, Dris, means a lot.”

Drista waved her hand dismissively. A tentative grin crossing her face. “Don’t sweat it.”

They both grinned at each other. Before turning off the kitchen lights and heading upstairs.

“Hey,” she said, bumping shoulders together as they trekked upwards. “Wanna watch a movie?”

Clay laughed, “I was about to ask that.”

For once in what seemed like forever- her brother returned. It’s as if the Clay on her lock screen, had jumped out of her photo and was right in front of her. Throwing her back to that day back in her childhood, when her brother was happy and they were fine.

Drusta giggled at that, jokingly jabbing her elbow against his chest. Clay wheezed, before sprinting ahead of her on the stairs and sticking his tongue out when he reached the top, like some sort of child. She laughed until her eyes were tightly shut, and her stomach began to cramp. She laughed, and it felt as easy as breathing.

She looked back up and saw that her brother was too.

They were going to be fine.

-

She’s 13 when Clay finally tells their parents about his career on youtube

She actually knew of it first really, she’s known for the longest time. She is, after all, his closest confidant.

But these are their parents we’re talking about, it’s completely different.

“I don’t think they’ll take it too well,” Clay mutters, fidgeting with the hem of his shirt. His hands pick and pull at the seams, breaking the small strings that sow them together.

Drusta rolls her eyes, she’s not really invested all too much into his dilemma. “Don’t worry about it.”

Clay grimaces at her slouched figure, “Really? Remember when I wanted to do online classes and they called the cops on me?”

She blew a raspberry in his direction. “That’s because you ran away dumbass.”

“*Drista!* Language in this house!” Their mother yelled from outside their bedroom door. Both Clay and Drista immediately bolted out of their seats.

“Guess it’s time.”

“Hey, at least it wasn’t coming out. That one was messy.”

They glanced at each other nervously, with Clay now full-on grasping at his shirt. It suddenly dawned upon her how solemn the situation was.

She gazed at Clay who gnawed nervously at his lips. A stress line appearing on his forehead.

Youtube was her brother’s dream.

A dream he was dedicated to, she looks back to all those sleepless nights he spent learning how to code. How he poured his blood, sweat, and tears into the meaningless games- as their parents call. Youtube and games were something he loved and devoted his limited time to. It's his passion, his love.

“It’ll be fine,” She muttered as they walked down the stairs from their rooms and into the dining room. “You’ll be fine-- everything will be fine.”

Clay didn’t respond, only keeping his head high and proud as they walked into the dining room. Their parents were already seated on the two front seats directly parallel to each other, kind smiles adorning their faces. Their mother lightly gestured to the food on the table, a delectable arrangement of all of Dirsta and Clay’s favorite dishes.

“What’s with all the food?” Drista said with a quizzical look. Pointing to the bountiful amounts of pasta and crepes, her personal favorite. She could already feel her mouth watering at the sight.

Her mother hummed, “Your father’s home today, why not celebrate it?”

Drista could feel the rising suspicion in her, their parents were never this- *generous* . It was normally just humble little meals and the occasional midnight snack, their mother never went out of her way to make things like this for them every day. Drista chose to ignore it, however, prompting to focus her attention on the food.

She hastily rushed to take a seat, right next to her mother. She watched as Clay glanced around nervously, before reluctantly taking the open spot beside their father.

The atmosphere was tense, to say the least, with the occasional bits of small talk thrown between. Drista could still make out the faintest scent of the airport and expensive cologne that she associated with their father. Who in fact, stayed quiet the entire meal, ever so often sneaking glances towards either Drista or Clay.

Soon enough, their father spoke. Stern and tense as he said; “How’s school?”

Clay answered first, “I’m doing it online.”

Their father scoffed. “I’m aware. I’m asking Drista however.”

Clay flinched at that, his knuckles turning white under the table. Drista swallowed her food, it felt more like a rock was going down her throat.

“I’m doing fine dad, Clay’s been helping me study.” She responds just as cold.

Their Father grimaces, “That’s-- good to hear.”

The silence pursues. Drista could practically feel the anxiousness radiating off her brother. How he lightly bounced his leg under the table, how his hands squeezed the metal of his spoon. How his eyes darted around the room, constantly looking, searching.

“What else, have you decided what you’d like to be when you grow up?”

The question was painfully ironic, her eyes glimpsed to Clay. Who’ve lips were pressed into a light line, his expression one of intense thought.

“I--uh I haven’t decided yet.” She blurted out, hands shaking.

Their father hummed, sipping his glass of sparkling water. Drista gulped, feeling his stomach stir with unpleasant feelings.

“What about Clay, honey?” Their mother chides softly, catching her husband’s sharp gaze. Both Drista and Clay held baited breaths.

The man across the table was visibly dismayed, “There’s no future for him anyways.”

Drista gritted her teeth, her canines biting into the flesh of her lip. Causing a small droplet of blood to fall from them.

Her blood was *boiling*. Filled with a sudden urge for bloodlust, she sat up abruptly, making the chair behind her clatter down onto the floor, slightly cracking at the marble tiles. Hands clutching at the silken table sheets, nails biting into her skin as she snarled at her father.

She had never been so bold in her life, not until now.

“There is, and it’s bright and better than anything I could ever have.” She spat at him, pulling at the cloth under her trembling hands. Her father looked at Drista, wide-eyed and jaw slacked. Even he didn’t expect her supposed dainty little girl to have the feral gaze of a lioness.

“You’d just haven’t seen it since you’re rarely ever here, to begin with.”

The words stumbled out of her mouth easily, poison coated in honey. With every click of her tongue, made her father flinch more and more. A sickening sense of pride grew in seeing the

disgruntled expression on her parent's face. It brought a wicked smile to her face.

Nobody. Nobody, even her own father,

Had the right to disrespect *her* brother.

"Clay is going to be the best Youtuber you'll *ever* see." She stated proudly, holding her chin high just like how her brother did earlier.

"You can be sure of it."

It was silent yet again for a moment. With Drista towering above, glaring daggers at their Father. Their mother only watched with both her hands clasped over her mouth, eyes widening in shock.

And Clay?

Drista glanced at him. He sat beside their father, with a look of what could only be described as awestruck wonder.

She smiled, "I believe in him."

From where their mother was seated, a sudden noise arose. Everyone at the table unanimously turned their head to her. Faces whitening at the way her brows furrowed and eyes twitched. If there was one thing worse than a rebelling teenager, then it was an exasperated mother.

"You two." She growled lowly, both Drista and Clay's back promptly straightened themselves.
"Go upstairs. Now."

Before Drista could even verbally retaliate, Clay was already grabbing her by the arm and lodging her up the stairs. She was already protesting and yelling a myriad of profanities their mother would've smacked her for as she was being dragged. She was relishing in this moment of brash confidence, where everything was beneath her small feet.

She managed to let out one more loud insult-- before Clay slammed the door of her bedroom door shut.

“What was that?!” He shrieked, hands splaying wide.

“A Drista moment.” She replied. Her brother groaned, putting a hand to his face.

Clay stumbled onto her sturdy twin-sized mattress, falling down on her pillows with a soft ‘*oof!*’ before curling up into a tight ball.

Drista eyed his figure warily, she did do the right thing. Didn’t she? She stood up for her brother in the face of adversity-- even if said adversity was their father.

“You good?” She said, plopping down next to Clay’s curled up body.

The other sibling groaned into her pillow, comically kicking his legs angrily. “Ok, guess not.”

A pause fell over them, stiff and tense as the one downstairs. Even in the safety of her own room, with the person, she trusted the most. She still had that sense of unease and anxiety from before.

“Did I--” She stuttered, “Was I not-- supposed to do that?”

Clay glanced at her from his crook in the pillow, face strained with confusion. “What n--”

“God, I’m really stupid, aren’t I?” She mumbled, letting herself fall down beside her brother on the bed, arms covering her eyes.

“I’m sorry, Clay. I ruined it.”

Maybe she shouldn’t have been brash, maybe she shouldn’t have been bold. Maybe she should have just kept her mouth shut, and let whatever better plan Clay had to take its course. Because that’s how it always worked, Clay has the plan and Drista?

Acts on impulse fucks things up.

Like now.

“You didn’t ruin anything.”

Drista turned her head slightly to the side, meeting her brother’s eyes. Green and filled with perilous determination.

“You didn’t ruin anything.” He repeats, “Was it true?”

Drista frowns. “What?”

Her brother looks away timidly, making it so all she can see is the back of his head. “That you believed in me.”

She pauses for a moment.

Clay was her hero.

She had been there, even when their parents told him to give up on online schooling. She was there for every stupid mistake or dumb decision. She was there, with a late midnight snack and a shoulder to lean on. She promised never to leave him alone.

Drista smiled.

“ ‘Course I do. Why wouldn’t I?”

Clay slowly turned his head back to her, and now she could clearly see the watery grin and glassy sheen over his eyes.

“Thanks, Dris.”

She's newly turned 14- when she's crying in the middle of Dairy Queen at 2 am.

It didn't start like this exactly- it was much better than this actually.

She just started her freshman year in high school, had a great group of friends, and even a boy that wanted to date her. Life was good- great actually. Her brother's channel began to gain more attention too. Everything was going her way.

That's until a month after she turned 14-- where everything started falling down.

She became one year older, and with that, started a new year in school. Immediately she was pummeled by assignments due on godforsaken dates, prompting her to see her friends less. Then after that, her brother moved out of their house, somewhere farther in the city that would need an hour's drive to get to; and even after all of that, with the added stress and loneliness at home. That's when the worse happened.

When she found the boy that she was dating- had ended up cheating on her with another girl.

That was her breaking point.

She promptly decided right then and there, that she was going to live the rest of her life in her room, surrounded by pillows and a quilt.

“Drista! Clay's visiting today! Come down and eat dinner!” Her mom shouted from downstairs. Drista groaned loudly, shifting from her fetal position into an upright one. She glared at her door, as much as she wanted to lay back into bed and sleep away the night- her stomach rightfully protested.

So, with a hefty heart and angry bowel, she stormed her way downstairs, still tightly wrapped in her quilt. Storming her way into the dining room, she made brief eye contact with her brother.

“Dris, what happened t-”

“I don’t wanna talk about it.” She snapped. Forcefully grabbing a plate and spoon. She shoveled down all the food in sight, trying to force back the angry tears that brimmed in her eyes.

The dinner was tense, with Clay sitting awkwardly to the side, still dressed in his outside clothes, and their mother, worriedly glancing at her weary daughter. Drista didn’t care however, her emotions were like an overflowing bucket- too preoccupied to care about everyone’s concerned looks.

Once she finished her barrage on the dinner table, she promptly set her plate aside, bundled up tighter in her quilt, and walked back upstairs.

She had no room for concern.

Sitting back in her little nest of sadness and target-bought pillows, weeping and wallowing her heart out. She wasn’t even aware of how many hours had passed by that point, you don’t really have a concept of time when your whole world is disoriented.

So when someone started softly knocking on her door abruptly, she didn’t even notice it at first.

“Dris?” They called out through the wood, the young girl fussed in her bed, tossing and turning at every knock. Until finally, her nerves popped and shot out of her quilt and stormed over the door.

She forcefully slammed it open, causing what would most probably be a dent in the wall beside it.

On the other side was her brother, eyebrows raised high, and a hesitant smile. In his hand were their mother’s car keys.

“What do you want?” she said gravely, voice sore and raw from all the crying in the early morning.

Clay’s hesitant grin grew. “Icecream?”

And that's how they ended up by the counter at Dairy Queen at 2 am.

They're sitting in the far back of the restaurant, the lights are low and the general atmosphere of it is what you expect from a store open all hours of the day. Drista tries to ignore the annoyed glare the cashier gives her as she shovels pints of vanilla bean ice cream in her mouth.

“Slow down, you’re gonna choke.” Clay chides, taking a meager spoonful of chocolate mint into his mouth. “Also my wallet doesn’t enjoy it all too much.”

Drista sniffls, her eyes are still bloodshot and red-rimmed as she scoffs. “At Least you have a job, I on the other hand feel like shit.”

Clay chokes, suddenly taken aback. “Don’t say bad words! You’re lucky we snuck out tonight, or else mom would have smacked you over the head.”

A playful feeling bubbles in her stomach, causing her tear-stained cheeks to make room for a coy smile. “Shit? What are you gonna do? Shit, shit, shit, shit--”

“Okay, now you’re just being annoying.” Clay scoffs, swiping his hand forward to take a large chunk of her ice cream with his spoon. Drista gasps dramatically, slowly raking her eyes towards her brother.

“You did *not*. ” She hisses, holding the rest of the pint close to her chest.

Clay laughs, “I paid for it!”

Their laughter was booming, it felt like forever since Drista had felt her lungs this light, she cheeks this wide. It felt like years since happiness had soaked into her and laid her in its warm embrace.

“Listen,” Her brother says, suddenly serious. “Never get hung up over a guy, ok? He never deserved you anyway.”

Drista scoffs, lightheartedly as she says. “I knew he didn’t yet I was a dumbass and still went for it.”

Clay frowns. “You’re no dumbass, love it just blind sometimes.”

“If you even call that love.” She says, sinking into her chair with a sigh. A semi-melted pool of ice cream sitting in her spoon.

“You’re right, that wasn’t love.” Clay chuckles softly. “Far from it really.”

Drista can feel the eyebrows raise from her face, daring him to elaborate. “Oh? Then what is?”

Clay looks pained for a minute, as he tries to rack his brain for a response. Drista giggles at this, her brother may as well be one of the most intelligent people she’s known, but seeing him so reluctant to answer the question of the heart seems so ridiculous by itself.

“Its-- its a look.”

Drista tries to suppress the laugh bubbling in her throat. “A look?”

Her brother makes a constipated expression, as he frantically waves his hands.

“It’s a look ok? That’s just how it is.”

This time the laugh actually escapes, it cascades out of her mouth in hectic bouts, “you’re so bad at this I--”

“It just is ok? It’s when your eyes-- sparkle? Sparkle yeah, and your cheeks get all red, and then

you can't stop smiling.”

Drista genuinely raises an eyebrow at this, at how profound and heartfelt it almost sounds.

Clay soon begins to gain more confidence and continue. “It's when you laugh, and your lungs feel like they can hold the world. It's also how you act if you'd rather be with them than anyone else. ‘Cause no one else has their type of company.”

“Being in love is great, it just comes with time.”

Drista can't help the smile that tugs on her lips.

“Sounds like you're talking from experience,” she says coyly. Clay doesn't take it to heart however, he just smiles and ruffles her hair from the other end of the table.

The younger sibling makes a sound of protest, as she claws off Clay's hand off her head. She then proceeds to glare at him, hoping to convey all the spite and temporary hatred she has for him.

Clay just beams, and even if the restaurant that they were in had dim lighting-- her brother's smile felt like the brightest thing there.

“Alright,” Clay says while standing up from his chair, fiddling with the pockets of his jeans and wallet. “I don't think mom will be too happy with me stealing the car for a bit.

“Yeah, no shit.” Drista throws the empty pint of ice cream in a trashcan by the exit door. The moment both of them step outside the glass doors- they're instantaneously hit by a strong, chilly breeze.

Suddenly, a loud ringing sound emanates from Clay's pocket.

“Ah--” He hastily fishes out his phone, fumbling with the power on button, before finally, the screen lights up his face in the cold dark. “Go to the car, I have to take a call.”

He throws her the keys, Drista almost drops it on the pavement if she didn't have that heads up. She looks overhead to Clay, who's walked a meager distance away from earlier, this time his phone pressed firmly against his hand, and a distant look on his face.

Drista begins to walk out of the parking lot and closer to the car, her own phone in hand. Before she can even enter the car- she hears a loud, wheezing laugh behind her.

She peeks back to her brother, down by the curb, his face bearing an impossibly wide grin as he doubles over in laughter.

“George! You’re so--”

The rest is inaudible from a distance, but Drista knows the rest is history.

Her brother has the same look on his face that he mentioned earlier.

“So that’s what you meant, huh?” She says to the wind, letting her words be carried by its soft breeze. The stars above gleam and glow like diamonds, raining their gentle glow onto her. A tender expression crosses her face.

It’s the look of a hopelessly in love man.

-

Drista may be young, but she knows what her priorities are.

One, survive highschool and hopefully pass her midterms.

Two, get her brother laid.

Ok, she tells herself, maybe number two is a bit too vague but it's the intention that counts.

She has a plan, uniquely built and constructed from the latest of 3 am thoughts. It's spectacular, marvelous. It'll leave men gasping in her wake. No exaggeration.

And it all starts with the first step; learn more about *George*.

Now, she's done her fair share of research; and when she says research she means staying up late at night and binging her brother's youtube channel with avid interest. And from what she has gathered from most of them, is that George is her brother's best friend since they were kids.

They had met online, through one of their other friend's server. Both developers in the same team-immediately hitting it off with obvious chemistry. Seeing from the myriad of videos George was in, it was safe to assume that she had all the facts,

Honestly, she's surprised she's never met George, not even a video call. She definitely knows Sapnap- or Nick for better terms. He had visited their house, met their parents, and generally known Clay much longer- yet Dream doesn't look at Sapnap like that.

Just George.

Drista huffs, throwing her backpack onto the couch. Phase one of her plan was already in motion, now that she was staying the weekend in her brother's house. Now all she needed to do was keep the ball rolling.

"so," Drista starts, flicking past the posts on her phone with feigned interest, a small smile tugging on her lips. "Who's the British guy?"

Clay scoffs lightly, configuring the wires of his setup. "Which one? I have quite a handful of British friends."

Drista groans, dangling her legs from the kitchen counter, "the cute one."

Clay glances at her, a quizzical look on his face. "You mean George?"

The smile on the younger girl's face turns into a sinister, coy grin, as she says with a teasing lilt.
"Oh, so you think he's cute?"

Clay sputters. Cheek suddenly tinged scarlet, Drista has to stifle a bubbling laugh when she sees him- distressed and flustered. It's completely out of character.

"*Dris.*" He hisses, dropping the wires of his setup. "Don't act all coy--"

"Oh, so you don't think he's cute?"

"What? I--"

"You think he's ugly. Uglier than a rock, disgusting and putrid."

"I never said th--"

"You don't like him! He's ugly and unattractive, either that or your taste in men is just--"

"*Stop it!*" Clay shouts, slamming the wires back onto the floor. His face- fully red now, fuming with anger. "He's not ugly-- he's very beautiful in fact! And I do like him! He's--"

Before Clay can even cut himself off from finishing his statement, Drista is already smirking like the some discounted Cheshire cat. Mouth curled in a devilish smile, she rubs her hands together like some crude cartoonish villain at her brother's self-realization.

"Did I finally knock you out of denial?" She snickers. "Been long enough, will you finally admit it?"

Clay refuses to look at her, "Admit what?"

Drista groans loudly, pushing herself off the counter and storming her way over to Clay. Her eyes

brimming with determination and the sheer will to finally stop this parade of useless pining.

“That you love him.” She states firmly.

Clay looks at her, utterly bewildered. “Love is too strong of a word.”

“It just is ok? It’s when your eyes-- sparkle? Sparkle yeah, and your cheeks get all red, and then you can’t stop smiling.”

Drista holds in the urge to laugh.

“You look at him like you are. You have the *look*. ” She says while waving her hands for effect. Clay looks at her as if she’s gone mad.

“The look? Drista please, this is getting ridiculous.”

She feels the anger in her twist, “Ridiculous, Clay you’re ridiculous! You smile and laugh whenever you talk to him! Your eyes light up every single time someone mentions his name around you. You always answer his calls no matter what- even during dinner with *dad* . And if what you told me is real-- then--then...”

Drista smiled at him, fond and kind.

“Isn’t that love?”

There’s this brief silence between them that lingers. With Drista’s burning gaze on Clay, filled with passion and determination. Drista is the voice of reason in a sea of booming sound, she hopes her words can reach him.

Clay’s eyes widen, his mouth falls open.

“*Holy shit.* ”

Drista can feel the pride swell up in her.

-

Phase one done, phase two in motion.

Get George.

It all starts when Clay leaves his computer monitor to go to the bathroom. Drista runs in the moment he steps into the other room, quickly dashing for his abandoned headphones.

She fiddles with them for a moment, before finally finessing them onto her ears, the moment the gadget makes contact with her eardrums- they promptly explode.

“*Dream!*” someone peaks into the mic, causing a ringing vibration sound to course through her head. She groans hastily pulling off the headset.

“What the hell?” She mutters, rubbing her temples to soothe the abrupt pain. Soft noises escape from the fallen headset in his hands.

“*Yo who was that?*” another voice says from the headphones, Drista knows that voice well enough. It’s Sapnap-- or Nick at least

Drista slowly pulls the headset back on, and reluctantly says “You guys good now?”

There’s a moment of silence before someone speaks up again;

“*Drista?*” Sapnap asks, notably confused.

“*Dream’s sister?*” She could only assume who George was, said.

“The one and only,” Drista says whilst flipping her shoulder-length hair behind her. Truly getting into character.

“Why are you on Dream’s setup?” *George* asks again, Drista could feel the smirk playing on her lips.

“Hey, Sapnap.”

“What is it?” The man on the other side replies, audibly annoyed.

“Can you fly George out? Florida maybe? Or any state nearby I don’t mind.”

There’s a pregnant pause that follows through, for a moment Drista thinks the call disconnected-but only are those thoughts disproven when she hears a snort on the other end.

“You serious?” Is all he says, with an undertoning sense of laughter in his voice. Drista can almost picture the grin on his face. Anticipation rolling in her stomach.

“Totally.” She responds, pouring all the conviction into her words.

“And why should I?” Sapnap asks again, Drista silently curses to herself. She should have considered the fact that she wouldn’t get away scot-free without any explanation.

She inhaled a sharp breath and tried making it as vague as possible. “Please? For Clay at least. You know they’re both dense as bricks.”

And as if a metaphorical lightbulb went over his head, as the realization seeped.

“*Ooooh.*” was all he said, Drista felt a wave of relief wash over her.

Drista beams, she’s absolutely thrilled by the fact that Sapnap is always down for anything, it’s

almost humorous to know that everything was coming along nicely.

It was all going according to plan.

“What time can you manage?”

Sapnap hummed, “This week maybe?”

Drista let out a low chuckle, and in the most menacing voice she could manage “Perfect.”

“Wait-- what are you guys talking about?” George suddenly pipped. Drista chuckled louder this time.

“George,” Drista said, hoping to get a few possible laughs out of this before her brother would inevitably come to the door and pry her off the headset. “What’s your favorite thing about Clay?”

Drista lets out the heartiest laugh when she hears George sputter from the other line. Followed by Sapnap’s boisterous guffaws, she could already envision the redness on his face from how much he stuttered and paused.

“Why would you ask that?” He blurted.

“Why are you so embarrassed?” She retorts.

She earns another mouthful of British curses and flustered sputtering before Clay struggles with the doorknob from the other side. Drista quickly throws off the headset and darts to the door. Hastily fiddling with the doorknob before slamming the door wide open to reveal- a slightly disheveled Clay.

“What were yo-” He can’t even finish his sentence before Drista sprints down the corridor.

Phase two complete, now the last step.

Sapnap texts her that they're arriving in an hour, it's the final step.

"Drive me to the airport," Drista says in the middle of eating Chinese takeout with her brother on the couch, the avengers movie marathon playing on the TV in front of them.

Clay looks at her, a rightfully confused look on his face. "And why?"

Drista snorts, munching down on a stale piece of lettuce. "Because I said so."

Clay drops his fork, prompting instead to give his sister the stink eye, "Try better to convince me."

Drista hums, standing up to pick up the scattered bits of trash and empty soda cans around them, she twirls an empty coke can in her hand, examining its scrapped label.

"If you don't, I'll tell mom all the stupid stuff you did in highschool." She said with a wicked grin. Clay noticeably stiffened.

"You won't." Her brother hissed, knuckles turning alabaster from how tight his grip was on the can.

She scoffed, "Try me."

Her brother slowly began to rise from his seat, letting his portion of the takeout roll onto the floor. Drista squealed running over to her phone across the counter as her brother dashed after her.

"Don't! Dris what the fuck-" Clay yells, sweeping a hand under the nimble girl as she giggled away, cell phone in hand.

"Take me to the airport!" She proclaims again, waving the screen of her phone in the air, plastered

on the glassy screen was the number for their mother's landline. A devilish smirk on her face.

Clay lurches forward, glaring daggers at his younger sibling. "She won't even believe you!"

"Oh? Let me call her then!" Drista puts a hand on her waist, pressing the bright green button on the corner of the screen.

There's a tense silence between them, as the phone rings ominously in Drista's hand.

"Hello?"

"Hi! Mom, do you wanna know that one- *multiple* times Clay skipped class to get high in the school bath-"

"Okay! Okay! I'll take you to the airport."

They make the final stride ;by the time they roll up into the international flights' departure area.

"You haven't given me an explanation yet," Clay huffs, pulling the car into the reverse and parking it in the in between of two large columns. A cautionary look pressed on his face.

"It's a surprise duh." Is all she says in response.

Clay scoffs, turning off the engine and opening the door, Drista follows suit. Happily walking beside her brother with a skip in her step. She could feel the excitement brewing in her, bringing an unconscious smile to her face.

Clay notices and asks her again, "Why are you smiling."

She hums a sweet tune, "It's a good day, that's all."

Her brother looked at her oddly, eyes slanted as they skimmed the area. Who exactly they were waiting for was the mystery he had yet to solve. His eyebrows furrowed in concentration.

Drista smiled, pulling her phone up to ear. “We’re here.”

Clay turned to her quizzically- but before he could even open his mouth to question her-- another man jumped on him.

“*Dude!*” Sapnap cheered, holding Clay in a tight bear hug. Clay’s eyes widened to the size of dinner plates, his mouth hung unhinged, until a beaming smile crossed his face.

“Sapnap!” He yelled back, returning the tight embrace. Drista watched as both men laughed heartily, exchanging playful pushes.

“How are you-- why are you here?” Clay asked, aghast. A smile still wide on his face.

“Well, I didn’t come alone either.”

Drista watched in baited breath as George strolled up behind Sapnap, travel case in hand, hair as messy as it can be; but most importantly a smile like sunshine.

Drista watched, as her brother’s face turned into something else, into an expression she’d only seen once in the cold, dark parking lot of Dairy Queen at 2 am. There was something in his eyes that sparkled like a kindling fire, warm and gentle. How his features softened, and Drista could see the laugh lines etched into his skin.

There was something about the way he looked at George that Drista had never seen before, it was pure and unadulterated, almost too sweet to look at.

This was love, she thought.

Maybe it wasn’t so bad, she thinks while watching George run into Clay’s arms, dropping his suitcase onto the floor as he laughs in her brother’s embrace. Maybe the look they share with each other- as if no one else is watching, was not the one her parents had.

This was love, pure, unashamed, slightly frayed- but still *love* .

Clay turns to her, bewildered as he asks; “Did you--”

She shrugs, her own fond smile shines through. “I had a plan.”

George whispers something in Clay’s ear that makes him laugh, that makes him turn to George and lean down to hug him even tighter. That makes him happy.

Drusta watches, giving Sapnap a high five beside her.

Clay always believed in love, and now, Drusta was slowly learning too.

End Notes

this is dedicated to my brother, thank you for showing me a love i would have never had.
anyways, simp for me?

djfgasfjsd this got so bad near the end but this legit has just been sitting in my docs for a week. so yea, here it is.

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